

BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. X.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY

JOHN BELL, *British Library*, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXIX.



POEMS
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.



CONTENTS.

POEMS IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

VOL. X.

	Page		Page
I. PSYCHE; or, the Great Metamorphosis, by Gloster Ridley, D. D.	i	IV. Sir Martyn; or, The Pro- gress of Dissipation, by W. Julius Mickle, Esq.	68
II. The Transformation of Lycon and Euphormius, by William Melmoth, Esq.	23	V. The Minstrel; or, The Pro- gress of Genius, by J. Beattie, L. L. D.	127
III. The Squire of Dames, by Moses Mendez, Esq.	32	Notes on the Poems in the Stanza of Spenser	179

CONTENTS

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

1	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	1
2	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	2
3	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	3
4	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	4
5	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	5
6	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	6
7	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	7
8	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	8
9	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	9
10	THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY	10

POEMS
IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

POEM I.

PSYCHE;

OR,

THE GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

BY

GLOSTER RIDLEY, D.D.

I.

WHERE early Phoebus sheds his milder beams,
The happy gardens of Adonis lay :
There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth be-
seems.
Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were
grey ;
Round him in sweet accord the Seasons play
With fruites and blossoms meint, in goodly gree ;
And dancing hand in hand rejoyce the lea.
Sick gardens now no mortal wight can see,
Ne mote they in my simple verse describen be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords :
Those many trees blush forth with ripen'd fruit ;
The blushing fruit to feast invites the birds ;
The birds with plenteous feasts their strength recruit :
And warble songs more sweet than shepherd's flute
The gentle stream that roll'd the stones among,
Charm'd with the place, almost forgot its suite ;
But list'ning and responding to the song,
Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured along.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthe grew,
Here Polygon, and each ambrosial weed ;
Whose vertues could decayed health renew,
And, answering exhausted nature's need,
Mote eath a mortal to immortal feed.
Here lives Adonis in unfading youth ;
Celestial Venus grants him that rich meed,
And him successive evermore renew'th,
In recompence for all his faithful love and truth.

IV.

Not she, I ween the wanton Queen of love,
All buxom as the waves from whence she rose,
With her twin sons, who idly round her rove,
One Eros hight, the other Anteros ;

Albeit brothers, different as foes :
This sated, sullen, apt for bickermment ;
That hungry, eager, fit for derring-does.
That flies before, with scorching flames ybrent ;
This foll'wing douts those flames with peevish discontent.

V.

Celestial Venus does such ribaulds shun,
Ne dare they in her purlues to be seen ;
But Cupid's torch, fair mother's fairest son,
Shines with a steady unconsuming sheen ;
Not fierce, yet bright, coldness and rage between.
The backs of lyons fellowest he strod ;
And lyons tamely did themselves amene ;
On nature's wild full sov'reignly he rod ;
Wild natures, chang'd, confess'd the mild puissant
God.

VI.

A beauteous Fay, or heav'n descended Spright,
Sprung from her sire, withouten female's aid,
(As erst Minerva did) and Psyche hight,
In that inclosure happy sojourn made.
No art some heel'd uncomelyness betray'd,
But Nature wrought her many-color'd stole ;
Ne tarnish'd like an Aethiopian maid,
Scorch'd with the suns that ore her beauties roll ;
Ne faded like the dames who bleach beneath the
pole.

VII.

Nor shame, nor pride of borrow'd substance
wrought
Her gay embroidery and ornament :
But she who gave the gilded insect's coat
Spun the soft silk, and spread the various teint :
The gilded insect's colors yet were feint
To those which nature for this fairy wove.
Our Grannams thus with diff'rent dies besprent,
Adorn'd in naked majesty the grove,
Charm'd our great Sires, and warm'd our frozen
clime to love.

VIII.

On either side, and all adown her back,
With many a ring at equal distance plac'd,
Contrary to the rest, was heben black,
With shades of green, quick changing as she pass'd
All were on ground-work of bright gold ore-cast.
The black gave livelood to the greenish hue,
The green still deep'd the heben ore it lac'd ;
The gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,
Gave lustre to them both, and charm'd the wond'ring
view.

IX.

It seem'd like arras, wrought with cunning skill,
Where kindly meddle colors, light, and shade :

Here flows the flood ; there rising wood or hill
Breaks off its course ; gay verdure dies the mead.
The stream, depeinten by the glitt'rand braid,
Emong the hills now winding seems to hide ;
Now shines unlook'd for through the op'ning
glade,
Now in full torrent pours its golden tyde ;
Hills, woods, and meads refresh'd, rejoicing by its
side.

X.

Her Cupid lov'd, whom Psyche lov'd again.
He, like her parent and her belamour,
Sought how she mote in sickness remain,
From all malengine safe, and evil stour.
“ Go, tender cosset, said he, forray ore
These walks and lawnds ; thine all these buskets
are ;
Thine every shrub, thine every fruite and flower :
But oh ! I charge thee, love, the rose forbear ;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XI.

“ Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love :
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair ;
Thou weetest not what med'cines in them 'are ;
What wonders follow their repeated use

N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare ;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
worlds produce.

XII.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away ;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play ;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid, Psyche, forewarn'd,
beware !

XIII.

“ How sweet thy words to my enchanted ear !”
(With grateful, modest confidence she said)
“ If Cupid speak, I could for ever hear ;
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey'd.
What rich purveyance for me hast thou made,
The prickly rose alone denied ! the rest
In full indulgence giv'n ! 'twere to upbraid
To doubt compliance with this one request :
How small, and yet how kind, Cupid, is thy be-
heast !

XIV.

“ And is that kindness made an argument
To raise me still to higher scenes of bliss ?
Is the acceptance of thy goodness meant
Merit in me for farther happiness ?
No merit and no argument, I wiss,
Is there besides in me unworthy maid :
Thy gift the very love I bear thee is.
Trust me, my love, thou shalt be well obey’d :
To doubt compliance here, Cupid, were to upbraid.”

XV.

Withouten counterfesaunce thus she spoke :
Unweeting of her frailty. Light uprose
Cupid on easy wing : yet tender look,
And oft reverted eye on her bestows ;
Fearful, but not distrustful of her vows.
And mild regards she back reflects on him :
With aching eye pursues him as he goes :
With aching heart marks each diminish’d limb ;
Till indistinct, diffus’d, and lost in air he seem.

XVI.

He went to set the watches of the east,
That none mote rush in with the tyde of wind :
He went to Venus to make fond request
From fleshly ferm to loosen Psyche’s mind,

And her eftsoons transmew. She forlore pin'd;
And mov'd for solace to the glassy lake,
To view the charms that had his heart entwin'd.
She saw, and blush'd, and smil'd; then inly spake:
"These charms I cannot chuse but love, for Cupid's
sake."

XVII.

But sea-born Venus 'gan with envy stir
At brute of their great happiness; and sought
How she mote wreak her spight: then call'd to her
Her sons, and op'd what rankled in her thought;
Asking who'd venture ore the mounds to vau't
To breed them scathe unwares; to damp the joy
Of blissful Venus, or to bring to nought
The liefest purpose of her darling Boy,
Or urge them both their minion Psyche to destroy.

XVIII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the work atchieve.
"Bold is th' attempt, said he, averse from love:
If love inspires I could derreign to reave
His spear from Mars, his levin-brond from Jove."
Him Anteros, sneb'd surly. "Galless dove!
Than Love's, Spight's mightier prowess under-
stand:
If Spight inspires I dare all dangers prove:
And if successful, stand the levin-brond,
When hurlen angry forth from Jove's avenging hond."

XIX.

He said, and deffly t'wards the gardens flew ;
Horribly smiling at his foul emprise.
When, nearer still and nearer as he drew,
Unsufferable brightness wounds his eyes
Forth beaming from the crystal walls ; he tries
Arrear to move, averted from the blaze.
But now no longer the pure aether buoys
His grosser body's disproportion'd peaze ;
Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring path, the
treachor base.

XX

So ore Avernus, or the Lucrine lake,
The wistless bird pursues his purpos'd flight :
Whether by vapors noy'd that thenceforth break,
Or else deserted by an air too light,
Down tumbles the fowl headlong from his height.
So Anteros astonied fell to ground,
Provok'd, but not accoid at his straunge plight.
He rose, and wending coasts it round and round
To find unguarded pass, hopeless to leap the mound.

XXI.

As on the margin of a stream he stood,
Slow rolling from that paradise within,
A snake's out-case untenanted he view'd :
Seizing the spoil, albe it worthless been,

He darts himself into the vacant skin.
In borrow'd gear, th' exulting losel glides,
Whose faded hues with joy flush bright again ;
Triumphant ore the buoyant flood he rides ;
And shoots th' important gulph, born on the gentle
tydes.

XXII.

So shone the brazen gates of Babylon ;
Armies in vain her muniments assail :
So strong, no engines could them batter down :
So high, no ladders could the ramparts scale ;
So flank'd with tow'rs, besiegers n'ote avail ;
So wide, sufficient harvests they enclose :
But where might yields, there stratagems prevail,
Faithless Euphrates through the city flows,
And through his channel pours the unexpected foes.

XXIII.

He sails along in many a wanton spire ;
Now floats at length, now proudly rears his crest :
His sparkling eyes and scales, instinct with fire,
With splendor as he moves, the waves ore kest :
And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breast.
As through the battle, set in full array,
When the sun walks in radiant brightness dress'd ;
His beams that on the burnish'd helmets play,
The burnish'd helms reflect, and spread unusual day.

XXIV.

So on he fares, and stately wreaths about,
In semblance like a seraph glowing bright :
But without terror flash'd his lightning out,
More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.
The backward stream soon led the masker right
To the broad lake, where hanging ore the flood
(Narcissus like, enamor'd with the sight
Of his own beauties) the fond Psyche stood,
To mitigate the pains of lonely widowhood.

XXV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught th' embroider'd bank ;
And through the tangled flourets weft aside
To where a rosiere by the river dank,
Luxuriant grew in all its blowing pride,
Not far from Psyche ; arm'd with scaly hide
He clamb the thorns, which no impression make ;
His glittering length, with all its folds untied,
Plays floating ore the bush ; then silence brake,
And thus the Nymph, astonish'd at his speech, be-
spake.

XXVI.

" O fairest, and most excellent compleat
In all perfections, sov'reign Queen of nature !
The whole creation bowing at thy feet
Submissive pays thee homage ! wond'rous creature,

If aught created thou ! for every feature
Speaks thee a Goddess issued from the skie ;
Oh ! let not me offend, unbidden waiter,
At awful distance gazing thus ! But why
Should gazing thus offend ? or how unbidden I ?

XXVII.

“ The sun that wakes those flourets from their
beds,
Or opes these buds by his soft influence,
Is not offended that they peep their heads,
And shew they feel his pow’r by their quick sense,
Off’ring at his command, their sweet incense ;
Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv’ning rays,
{Call not intrusion my obedience !}
Perforce, yet willing thrall, am come to gaze,
To pay my homage meet, and bask in beauty’s
blaze.”

XXVIII.

Amaz’d she stood, nor could recover soon :
From contemplation suddenly abraid :
Starting at speech unusual : yet the tune
Struck sootly on her ear, and concert made
With her own thoughts. Nor with less pleasure
stray’d
Her eyes delighted o’er his glossy skin ;
Yet frighted at the thorn on which he play’d :
Pleasure with horror mixt ! she hung between
Suspended ; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin.

XXIX.

At length she spoke: " Reptile, no charms I know
Such as you mention : yet whate'er they are,
(And nill I lessen what the Gods bestow)
Their is the gift, and be the tribute their!
For them these beauties I improve with care,
Intent on them alone from eve to morn.
But reed me, reptile, whence this wonder rare,
That thou hast speech, as if to reason born?
And how, unhurt you sport on that forbidden
thorn?"

XXX.

" Say, why forbidden thorn? the foe replied:
To every reptile, every insect free,
Has malice harsh to thee alone denied
The fragrance of the rose enjoy'd by me?"
—'Twas love, not malice, form'd the kind decree,
(Half-wroth, she cried :) " Thine all these baskets
are,
Thine fruite and flow'r, were Cupid's words to me:
But oh! I charge thee, Love, the rose forbear;
For prickles sharp do arm the dang'rous rosiere.

XXXI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will banish love:
I charge thee, Psyche, then the rose forbear.
When faint and sick, thy languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair;

Thou weetest not what med'cines in them are :
What wonders follow their repeated use
N'ote thy weak sense conceive, should I declare ;
Their labor'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new
worlds produce.

XXXII.

“ Thy term of tryal past with constancy,
That wimpling slough shall fall like filth away ;
On pinions broad, uplifted to the skie,
Thou shalt, astert, thy stranger self survey.
Together, Psyche, will we climb and play ;
Together wander through the fields of air,
Beyond where suns and moons mete night and day.
I charge thee, O my Love, the rose forbear,
If thou wouldst scathe avoid. Psyche, forewarn'd,
beware !”

XXXIII.

Out burst the frannion into open laugh :
She blush'd and frown'd at his uncivil mirth.
Then, soften'd to a smile, as hiding half
What mote offend if boldly utter'd forth,
He seem'd t' assay to give his answer birth :
But stopt ; and chang'd his smiles to looks of ruth.
“ Is this (quoth he) fit guerdon for thy worth ?
Does Cupid thus impose upon thy youth ?
Dwells then in heav'n such envy, void of love and
truth ?

XXIV.

“ Is this the instance of his tenderness,
To envy Psyche what to worms is given ?
To cut her off from present happiness
With feign'd reversion of a promis'd heaven ?
By threat'nings false from true enjoyments driven !
How innocent the thorn to touch, he knows :
Where are my wounds ? or where th' avenging
 levin ?
How softly blush these colors of the rose !
How sweet (and div'd into the flow'r) its fragrance
 flows !

XXXV.

“ Disadvantageous are thy terms of tryal ;
No longer Psyche then the rose forbear.
What is to recompence the harsh denial,
But dreams of wand'ring through the fields of air,
And joys, I know not what, I know not where !
As eath, on leafy pinions borne the tree
Mote rush into the skies, and flutter there,
As thou soar yon, and quit thy due degree :
Thou for this world wert made ; this world was made
 for thee.

XXXVI.

“ In vain you'd fly to yonder shrubs and plants ;
Bitter their taste, and worthless their effect :

Here is the polychrest for all thy wants ;
No panacea, like the rose, expect.
Mute as my fellow-brutes, as them abject
And reasonless was I, 'till haply woke
By tasting of the rose, (O weak neglect
In thee the while!) the dawn of sapience broke
On my admiring soul, I reason'd, and I spoke.

XXXVII.

“ Nor this the only change ; for soon I found
The brisker spirits flow in fuller tyde ;
And more than usual lustre spread around ;
Such virtue has the rose, in me well tried,
But wise, I ween, thy lover has denied
Its use to thee ; I join him too : beware
The dang'rous rose.—For such thy beauty's pride
'Twere death to gaze on, if improv'd!—Forbear
To sharp that wit, too keen !—Touch not the
rosiere.”

XXXVIII.

Uncheckt, indulg'd, her growing passions rise :
Wonder, to see him safe, and hear his telling ;
Ambition vain, to be more fair and wise ;
And rage, at Cupid's misconceiv'd false dealing :
Various the gusts, but, all one way impelling,
She plung'd into the bosom of the tree,
And snatch'd the rose, ne dreaded pain or quelling.
Off drops the snake, nor farther staid to see ;
But rush'd into the flood, and vanish'd presently.

XXXIX.

Full many a thorn her tender body rent ;
Full many a thorn within the wounds remain,
And throbbing cause continual detriment :
While gory drops her dainty form distain.
She wishes her lost innocence again,
And her lost peace, lost charms, lost love to find ;
But shame upbraids her with a wish so vain :
Despair succeeded, and aversion blind ;
Pain fills her tortur'd sense, and horror clouds her
mind.

XL.

Her bleeding, faint, disorder'd, woe-begon,
Stretcht on the bank beside the fatal thorn,
Venus who came to seek her with her Son,
Beheld. She stop'd : And albe heav'nly born,
Ruthful of other's woe, began to mourn.
The loss of Venus' smiles sick nature found :
As frost-nipt drops the bloom, the birds forelorn
Sit hush'd, the faded sun spreads dimness round ;
The clatt'ring thunders crash, and earthquakes rock
the ground.

XLI.

Then arming with a killing frown her brow ;
“ Die, poor Unhappy ! ”—Cupid suppliant broke
Th' unfinish'd sentence ; and with dueful bow
Beg'd her to doff the keenness of her look,

Which Nature feeling to her centre shook.

"Then how should Psyche bear it? Spare the
Maid;

'Tis plain that Anteros his spight has wroke:

Shall vengeance due to him, on her be laid?

Oh! let me run, and reach th' ambrosial balms," he
said.

XLII.

"Ah what would Cupid ask?" the Queen re-
plies;

"Can all those balms restore her peace again?

Wouldst thou a wretched life immortalize?

Wouldst thou protract by potent herbs, her pain?
Love bids her die: thy cruel wish restrain."——

"Why then (quoth He) in looms of fate were
wove

The lives of those, in long successive train,

From her to spring, through yon bright tracts to
rove?

Due to the skies, and meant to shine in fields above!

XLIII.

"Say, would thy goodness envy them the light

Appointed for them, or the good prevent

Foreseen from them to flow? erasing quite

The whole creation through avengement?

One only species from its order rent,

The whole creation shrivels to a shade."——

“—Better all vanish’d, said She, than be meint
In wild confusion ; through free will misled,
And tempted to go wrong from punishment de-
lay’d.”

XLIV.

“ Let me that exemplary vengeance bear,
(Benign return’d her amiable son :)
Justice on her would lose its aim ; severe
In vain, productive of no good ; for none
Could by that desolating blow be won.
So falls each generous purpose of the will
Correct, extinguish’d by abortion :
Whence Justice would its own intendments spill ;
And cut off Virtue, by the stroke meant Vice to
kill.

XLV.

“ Yet lest Impunity should forehead give
To Vice, in me let guilt adopted find
A victim ; here awhile vouchsafe me live
Thy proof of justice, mixt with mercy kind !”
“—Oh ! strange request (quoth She) of pity blind !
How shouldst thou suffer, who didst ne’er offend ?
How can’st thou bear to be from me disloin’d ?
To wander here, where Nature ’gins to wend
To waste and wilderness, and pleasures have an
end ?”

XLVI.

" You, Venus, suffer, (said He) when you strike
Not for your own, but others' foul offence :
Why not permitted I to do the like,
When greater good, I see, will coult from thence;
That greater good orepays all punishments ;
And makes my suff'rings, pleasure : if they prove
A means to conquer Anteros, dispense
Healing to Psyche's wounds, regain her love,
And lead Her, with her happy Sons, to realms
above."

XLVII.

" To thy intreaties Psyche's life I give,
(Replied th' indulgent Mother to her Son :)
But yet deform'd, and minish'd let her live ?
'Till thou shalt grant a better change foredone ;
Nor shall that change, but thro' death gates be
won.
This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign !
Already Nature puts her horrors on :
Away !—I to my bow'r of bliss again !
Thou to thy task of love, and voluntary pain."

XLVIII.

She went ; and like a shifted stage, the scene
Vanish'd at once ; th' ambrosial plants were lost ;
The jarring Seasons brought on various teen ;
Each sought, each seeking, each by other crost.

Young Spring to Summer flies from Winter's frost ;
While sweltry Summer thirsts for Autumn's bowl,
Which Autumn holds to Winter ; Winter tost
With scorn away, young Spring inflames his soul :
Still craving, never pleas'd, thus round and round
they roll.

XLIX.

Th' inclement Airs bind up the sluggish soil ;
The sluggish Soil the toilsome hand requires ;
Yet thankless pays with sour harsh fruits the toil ;
Ne willing yields, but ragged thorns and briers.
Birds, birds pursue ; as hunger's rage inspires :
Their sweetest songs are now but songs of woe.
Here from th' encroaching shore the wave retires :
There hoarse floods roar ; impetuous torrents flow ;
Invade the land, and the scarce harvests overthrow.

L.

Stretch'd on the bank eftsoons th' inviting form
Of Psyche faded ; brac'd up lank and slim,
Her dwindled body shrunk into a worm :
Her make new-moulded, chang'd in every limb ;
Her colors only left, all pale and dim :
Doom'd in a caterpillar's shape to lout.
Her passions ill such worthless thing beseem ;
Pride, rage, and vanity to banish out,
She creeping crawls, and drags a loathsome length
about.

LI.

How Cupid wash'd her noisome filth away ;
What arts he tried to win her love again ;
By what wiles guileful Ant'ros did assay,
By leasing, still her recreant to maintain,
And render Cupid's kindly labors vain :
Their combat, Cupid's conquest, Psyche's crown,
(My day's set task here ended) must remain
Unsung ; far nobler verse mote they renown :
Unkyoke the toiled steers, the weary sun goes down.

POEM II.

THE
TRANSFORMATION OF LYCON
AND
EUPHORMIUS.

BY
WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

I.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that suffer wrong,
Ne thou, O man ! who deal'st the tort, misween
The equal gods, who heaven's sky-mansions throng,
(Though viewless to the eyne they distant sheen)
Spectators reckless of our actions been.
Turning the volumes of grave sages old,
Where auncient saws in fable may be seen,
This truth I fond in paynim tale enroll'd ;
Which for ensample drad my Muse shall here unfold.

II.

What time Arcadia's flowret vallies fam'd,
Pelagus, first of monarchs old, obey'd,

There wonn'd a wight, and Lycon was he nam'd,
Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods afraid,
Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy sway'd.
Some held him kin to that abhorred race,
Which heaven's high towers with mad emprise
assay'd ;
And some his cruel lynage did ytrace
From fell Erynnis join'd in Pluto's dire embrace.

III.

But he, perdy, far other tale did feign,
And claim'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine ;
And deem'd himself (what deems not pride so
vain ?)
The peerless paragon of wit divine.
Vaunting that every foe should rue its tine.
Right doughty Wight! yet, sooth, withouten smart,
All powerless fell the losel's shafts malign :
'Tis Vertue's arm to wield Wit's heavenly dart,
Point its keen barb with force, and send it to the
heart.

IV.

One only impe he had, Pastora hight,
Whose sweet amenaunce pleas'd each shepherd's
eye :
Yet pleas'd she not base Lycon's evil spright,
Tho blame in her not Malice moten spy,
Clear, without spot, as summer's cloudless sky.

Hence poets feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd
In Lycon's form, inflam'd with passion high,
Deceiv'd her mother in the covert glade,
And from the stoln embrace ysprong the heavenly
Maid.

V.

Thus fabling they : mean while the Damsel fair
A shepherd Youth remark'd, as o'er the plain
She deffly pac'd along so debonair :
Seem'd she as one of Dian's chosen train.
Full many a fond excuse he knew to feign,
In sweet converse to while with her the day,
'Till love unwares his heedless heart did gain.
Nor dempt he, simple wight, no mortal may
The blinded God once harbour'd, when he list, fore-
say.

VI.

Now much he meditates if yet to speak,
And now resolves his passion to conceal :
But sure, quoth he, my seely heart will break,
If aye I smother what I aye must feel.
At length by hope embolden'd to reveal,
The laboring secret dropped from his tong.
Whiles frequent singults check'd his faltring tale,
In modest wise her head Pastora hong :
For never maid more chaste inspired shepherd's song.

VII.

What needs me to recount in long detail
The tender parley which these lemans held :
How oft he vowed his love her ne'er should fail ;
How oft the stream from forth her eyne outwell'd,
Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd
In heart of youthful wight : suffice to know,
Each rising doubt he in her bosome quell'd.
So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow :
For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is deadly woe.

VIII.

Eftsoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,
(Lagg'd ever youth when Cupid urg'd his way ?)
And straight his gentle purpose did declare,
And sooth the mount'naunce of his herds display.
Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay :
" Be thine, Pastora (quoth the masker sly)
And twice two thousand sheep her dower shall
pay."
Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high ;
Ne dempt that aught his bliss could now betray,
Ne guess'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome lay.

IX.

So forth he yode to seek his reverend sire ;
(The good Euphormius shepherds him did call)
How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,
Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden all.

Ah! nere, my son, let Lycon thee enthrall,
(Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old)
"Smooth is his tongue, but full of guile withal,
In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold:
Ne ever lamb of his will bleat within thy fold.

X.

With words prophetic thus Euphormius spake:
And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus foretold:
Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,
The hoped day of spousal to with-hold,
Framing new trains when nought mote serve his
old.
Nath'less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,
Should sooner down the lowly delve be roll'd,
Than he his plighted promise nould fulfill:
But when, perdy, or where, the caitive sayen nill.

XI.

Whiles thus the tedious suns had journey'd round,
Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,
Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found;
The Maid with matron Juno for her guide,
The Youth by Concord led, in secret hy'd
To Hymen's sacred fane: the honest deed
Each God approv'd, and close the bands were ty'd.
Certes, till happier moments should succeed,
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprise mote
areed.

XII.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain
(Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid snare.
Algates, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,
And roaren loud as in displeasance high;
Then out he hurlen forth his Daughter fair,
Forelore, the houseless child of Misery,
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

XIII.

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,
To want abandon'd and by wrongs opprest?
Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen befriend?
Lives mercy then, if not in parent's breast?
At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear,
Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle Goddess blest,
Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distrest,
To Sorrow's complaints she turns his equal ear,
And wafts to heaven's star-throne fair Vertue's silent
tear.

XIV.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell each
thought
That well mote rise to check his generous aid.
Tho high the torts which Lycon him had wrought,
Tho few the flocks his humble pastures fed,

When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless sted,
His breast humane with wonted pity flows.
He op'd his gates, the naked exile led
Beneath his roof: a decent drapet throws
O'er her cold limbs, and sooths her undeserved
woes.

XV.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumor bruited round the tale:
Th' astonied swains uneath could credence give,
That in Arcadia's unambitious vale
A faytor false as Lycon e'er did live.
But Jove (who in high heaven does mortals prive,
And every deed in golden ballance weighs)
To earth his flaming charret baden drive,
And down descends, enwrapt in peerless blaze,
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil ways.

XVI.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a wood,
His silver stream through dasy'd vales does lead.
Stretch'd on the flowery marge, in reckless mood,
Proud Lycon sought by charm of jocund reed
To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.
Him Jove accosts, in reverend semblaunce dight
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed
Of compact oft confirm'd, of fay yplight,
Of nature's tender tye, of sacred rule of right.

XVII.

With lofty eyne, half loth to look so low,
Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n surquedry
'Gan rudely treat his sacred eld : When now
Forth stood the God confest that rules the sky,
In sudden sheen of drad divinity :
" And know, false man," the Lord of thunders
said,
" Not unobserv'd by Heaven's all-persent eye
Thy cruel deeds : nor shall be unappay'd :
Go! be in form that best beseems thy thews, ar-
ray'd."

XVIII.

Whiles yet he spake th' affrayed trembling wight
Transmew'd to blatant beast, with hideous howl
Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserved plight,
Mid'st dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to prowl,
A wolf in form as erst a wolf in soul !
To Pholoe, forest wild, he hy'd away,
The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.
There helpless Innocence is still his prey,
Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's dire dis-
may.

XIX.

Tho Jove to good Eurphormius' cot did wend,
Where peaceful dwelt the man of virtue high,

Each shepherd's praise and eke each shepherd's
friend,
In every act of sweet humanity.
Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,
Greeted all hail! then bade him join the throng
Of glitt'rand lights that gild the glowing sky.
There shepherds nightly view his orb yhong,
Where bright he shines eterne, the brightest stars
emong.

POEM III.

THE
SQUIRE OF DAMES.

BY MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.

PROLOGUE.

I.

HARD is the heart that never knew to love,
Ne felt the pleasing anguish of desire.
Ye British Maids, more fair than Venus' dove,
For you alone I tune my humble lyre;
Adopt me, Nymphs, receive me in your quire,
Make me your bard; for that is all my care:
Then shall I envy not that aged sire,
Who doth for court his annual song prepare:
I lever myrtle wreath than Kesar's laurel wear.

II.

Think not because I write of Columbel
I thence would blast the sex with impious tale;
Transactions vile of foreign stronds I tell,
Ne' gainst a British female would I rail

For all the wealth that rolls on Indian grail.
Here beauty, truth, and chastity, are found :
Eleonora here, with visage pale,
Did suck the poison from her Edward's wound,
And Ana's nuptial faith shall stand for aye renown'd.

III.

See the fair swans on Thamis' lovely tide,
The which do trim their pennons silver bright,
In shining ranks they down their waters ride ;
Oft have mine eyes devour'd the gallant sight.
Then cast thy looks with wonder and delight,
Where yon sweet Nymphs enjoy the ev'ning air,
Some daunce along the green, like fairies light,
Some flow'rets cull to deck their flowing hair ;
Then tell me, soothly, swain, which sight thou deem'st
most fair.

IV.

To You, bright stars, that sparkle on our isle,
I give my life, my fortune, and my fame ;
For my whole guerdon grant me but a smile,
A smile from You is all I hope or claim ;
Nor age's ice my ardent zeal shall tame,
To my life's end I shall your names adore,
Not hermits bosoms feel so pure a flame,
Warm'd by approval I more high shall soar ;
Receive my humble lays, my heart was yours before.

Should You consent, I'll quit my shepherd's grey,
And don more graceful and more costly gear,
My crook and scrip I'll throw with scorn away,
And in a samite garment streit appear.
Farewell, ye groves, which once I held so dear ;
Farewell, ye glens, I other joys pursue ;
Then shall the world your matchless pow'r revere,
And own what wonders your sweet smiles can do,
That could a simple clown into a bard transmew.

CANTO I.

The Squire of Dames to Satyrane
His history doth tell,
With all the toils he underwent
To gain his Columbel.

I.

THE Squire of Dames his tale thus 'gan to tell ;
Sith you command my tongue, Sir Satyrane,
I now will all declare that me befell,
The cause of muchel scath and dolorous pain,
Ne shall thy gentle eye from tears refrain.
Me Columbel commanded far to go
'Till I should full three hundred Nymphs attain,
Whose hearts should aye with Virtue's lessons
 glow,
And to all swains but one cry out for ever, No.

II.

To find the fortilage that ne'er will yield
Is not an easy matter, good Sir Knight ;
Troy town, they say, is now a grass-grown field,
That long withstood the force of Grecian might ;
And castles fall though deep in earth empight ;
Ne ought so strong is found but what may fail,

The sun at last shall lose his glorious light,
And vows or bribes o'er women may prevail ;
Their hearts are made of flesh, and mortal flesh is
frail.

III.

With heavy heart, and full of cark I go,
And take my conge of my blooming Maid,
I kiss'd her hond, and louting very low,
To her behest at length myself array'd :
The fair we love expects to be obey'd,
Although she bid us with the kestrel fly ;
So forth I prick, though much by doubt dismay'd,
The hard experiment resolv'd to try :
For she was wond'rous fair, and much in love was I.

IV.

A grove I reach'd, where tuneful throstles sung ;
The linnet here did ope his little throat ;
His twitting jests around the cuckoo flung,
And the proud goldfinch show'd his painted coat,
And hail'd us with no inharmonious note :
The robin eke here tun'd his sonnet shrill,
And told the soothing ditty all by rote,
How he with leaves his pious beak did fill,
To shroud those pretty babes, whom Sib unkind
would kill.

V.

And many a fair Narcissus deck'd the plain,
That seem'd anew their passions to admire;
Here Ajax told his dolours o'er again,
And am'rous Clytie sicken'd with desire;
Here the blown rose with odors sweet did spire;
Through the dun grove a murm'ring river led
His chrystal streams that wound in many a gyre;
The baleful willow all the banks bespread,
And ever to the breeze ycurl'd his hoary head.

VI.

Soon to the grove there came a lovely maid
(For maiden sure she did to me appear);
In plain check-laton was the nymph array'd,
Her sparkling eyes stood full of many a tear,
And she bewept the absence of her dear.
Alas! should beauty be to woe allay'd?
Beauty, methinks, should meet with better cheer,
Content should never wander from her side;
Good luck, I pray to Heav'n, the face that's fair be-
tide.

VII.

" Ah! woe is me, she cry'd, since Colin's fled,
Whose gentle presence did these plains adorn,
Soon was he ravish'd from the nuptial bed,
Torn from these arms, from his dear leman torn!

O grief! far sharper than the pointed thorn,
I saw him ill-bestad by martial band.
Alas the day that ever I was born!
Where roves my Colin, on what foreign strand,
Arraught from Laura's eyes, and his dear native land?

VIII.

"Alas! he only knew to prune the vine,
Or through the earth to urge the biting share,
To twist the bower with fragrant eglantine,
Where free from heat we shun'd the noon-tide air,
Or to the mart to lead his fleecy care.
And is it fit in hacqueton and mail
The youth for war's grim terrors should prepare!
His voice outsung the love-lorn nightingale,
And deftly could he dance, or pipe along the dale.

IX.

"The goshawk fierce may pounce the trembling
dove,
The savage wolf may tear the bounding fawn;
But sparrows mild are form'd for feats of love,
And kids dew not with blood the flow'ry lawn;
Then how shall he, in whom all graces dawn,
In the red field the cruel paynim kill?
For scenes like these find men of hellish spawn.
'Tis his with joy the virgin's heart to fill.
And not on foreign shore his foemen's blood to spill.

X.

“ No days of bliss my sorrows shall aslake,
For him I'll ever drop the dolorous tear :
Adieu the circled green, the buxom wake,
Since Colin's gone I taste of nought but drear.
Stretch me, ye maidens, stretch me on the bier,
And let my grave-stone these true words adorn :
A wretched maiden lies intombed here,
Who saw a shepherd brighter than the morn,
Then pin'd her heart away, and dy'd of love for-
lorn.”

XI.

Much was I grieved at her piteous plaint,
And greeted to myself, O happy Squire !
At length, though late, thou hast found out a saint,
Who, but for Colin, feels no warm desire.
Perdie, quoth Satyrane, I her admire :
No lozel loose shall here discover'd be.
The other answer'd with his cheeks on fire,
Now by my hallidom you soon shall see
That words may with the heart full often ill agree.

XII.

I, nought accoy'd, came up unto the fair,
And swore to love her all my length of life ;
Then offer'd her to gorgeous domes to bear,
Where haidegives are daunc'd to harp and fife.

She soon forgot she was another's wife,
And granted with me to desert the plain.
Are such ensamples among women rife ?
If so, my Columbel I ne'er shall gain,
But hunt around the world, and find my labors vain.

XIII.

My lips I 'gan to royne in fell despite,
And forth I rushed from her false embrace,
Through the thick wood I wander'd day and night,
Ne met I living creature face to face :
At length a rising city far I trace ;
Thither in hopes my hasty steps I bend,
Perchaunce, thought I, true Virtue may embrace
The courtly dome, and from the country wend.
Thus, where we least expect, we often find a friend.

XIV.

At e'en the town I reach'd, and eke a hall,
Which waxen tapers made as light as day ;
Fair jovisaunce sat on the face of all,
And to the daunce the sprightly minstrels play,
Each seem'd as sportive as the wanton jay.
The dame, who own'd the house, was passing old,
And had, it seems, that morning dealt away
To her kind grandson many bags of gold,
Who took a bonnibel to haven and to hold.

XV.

The bride was named Viola the fair,
The loaded rosiere is not half so sweet.
Aye, aye, quoth I, ensamples are but rare
To find so many charms in one discreet ;
With you, fair lass, I mean not now to treat.
The springal was in wholesome lustihed,
And him by name of Pamphilus they greet ;
He was to doughty chevisance ybred,
Yet oft in courtly halls the active measure led.

XVI.

The auncient dame they do Avara call,
And much she hobbled as she trod the ground ;
Yet many angels in her crumenal,
If fair report speaks true, were always found.
Where riches flow, there virtues too abound.
Her pannikel was as a badger grey,
And, as she walk'd the company around,
It nodded with such force, that, by my fay,
I thought it meant to fly from her old crag away.

XVII.

The lofty roof was fretted o'er with gold,
And all around the walls depeinten were
With many histories of times of old,
Which brought not muchel credit to the fair.
There Leda held her swan, with shoulders bare,
And here the dame of Ephesus was found,

Lick other dames, whom my kind tongue shall
spare,
And here stood Helen for her charms renown'd,
Who soon her lord forsook, when she a leman found.

XVIII.

And many a beauteous dame and courtly knight
Came there the nuptials for to celebrate :
Some vers'd to wing from bow the nimble flight,
Some the near foe with brondiron to amate ;
Me too they welcome to the hall of state ;
With bel accoil they wished me to take
A round or two, and choose me out a mate :
But my fond love, which nothing could aslake,
Caus'd me to slight them all, for Columbella's
sake.

XIX.

And now to artful steps the floor rebounds,
In graceful ease the shining beavys move,
The noise like thunder at a distance sounds.
Mean time I sat beneath a proud alcove,
And told Avara gentle tales of love.
Thought I, in eld the passions are more tame,
And here by craft I may successful prove ;
For she perforce must now be void of blame
As wise Ulysses' wife, Penelope by name.

XX.

Ne wants she gelt, which oft the mind misleads
To actions which it otherwise would shun.
The courtier lythe, if right report areeds,
Will unawhap'd to seize his vantage run ;
And so will most men underneath the sun ;
Or be they patriot call'd, or bard, or knight ;
But when they once the gilded prize have won,
They seek to clear their name, with shame bedight :
Befits to scour the steel, when rust offends the
sight.

XXI.

At every word I said she look'd askaunce,
Then said, in unsoot whispers, Fye ! Sir, fye !
And turn'd as though she seem'd to mind the
daunce,
Nathless on me she cast a languid eye :
Blist by thy form, my liefest life, quoth I,
Cast your belgards upon an humble slave ;
From love, alas ! in vain my heart would fly ;
Then with a word thy quailing leman save,
For if you frown, perdie, you doom me to the grave.

XXII.

It happ'd by chaunce she saw a golden heart
With flaming diamonds around beset ;

This, the whole guerdon of my tedious smart,
I, on a time, from Columbel did get.
As simple birds are caught in fowler's net,
And 'cause they see no danger, none they fear :
Ev'n so Avara her eyen here did set,
And turned round and whisper'd in mine ear,
Give me that di'mond heart: and be mine leman
dear.

XXIII.

I started from the couch where I was pight,
And thus I her bespake with muchel rage,
Avaunt, thou faytor false, thou imp of night:
I hate myself that I should thus engage,
On any terms to treat with wrizled age.
So, forth I flung, and left the frowy witch
To share her bed with coachman, groom or page;
The castle too I quit, mine ire was sich,
And out I set again, though night was dark as
pitch.

XXIV.

But did I here relate, Sir Satyrane,
The many weary miles I've travelled,
What dangers I've assoil'd, yet all in vain,
(For, by my truth, but ill my days I've sped)
Your hair would stand upright upon your head.
Three hundred virtuous females, side by side,

By me to Columbella must be led :
Can you direct me where for such to ride ?
I cannot, in good sooth, the courteous knight re-
ply'd.

XXV.

The Squire pursu'd his tale : 'Tis now three years
Since curst Avara's visage first I saw :
Convents I've try'd, but there the luscious freers
The fair-fac'd nuns to fornication draw ;
Nor palaces are free from Cupid's law ;
His darts are fiercer than the levin-brond ;
Few, very few, there 'scape his mighty paw ;
And those in golden palls, who proudly stond,
Had lever kiss their love's, than Kesar's royal hond.

XXVI.

Fair Jenny of the mill I strove to win,
And her benempt Pastora of the dale ;
But they bilive agreed with me to sin ;
One ask'd an owch, and one a watchet veil.
Some wish o'er every female to prevail ;
My hope, my conquest is to be deny'd.
The stage I've try'd, but there my projects fail ;
For there is scarce a single wedded bride
But doth her husband's noul with horns of ront
provide.

XXVII.

As couthful fishers at the benty brook,
By various arts assot the seely fry,
Now wriggling worms, now paste conceals the
hook,
And now they hide it with a color'd fly;
This takes the perch, and that the tench's eye:
So diff'rent nymphs a diff'rent charm invites,
Some yield for vantage, some for vanity;
A song this one, a daunce that maid delights:
Man throws the wimble bait, and greedy woman
bites.

XXVIII.

With sorrow overhent, the other day
I laid my weary limbs adown to rest,
Where a tall beech o'erspread the dusky way;
My noyous thoughts a dream awhile suppress'd,
Oft weighty truths are in this garb ydress'd.
Grant that it so may happen unto me;
Then joyance once again shall sooth this breast,
My pining soul shall be from anguish free,
And I shall taste true bliss, dear Columbel, with
thee.

XXIX.

Methought I saw a figure fair and tall,
And gentle smiles sat dimpling on her face,

Yet seemed of a beauty nought at all,
'Till much beholding did improve each grace ;
At length she seem'd too fair for human race.
Her kirtle white might vie with winter snows,
Ne could you aught of her fair bosom trace,
Nought but her face would she to sight expose,
So modest maiden wends, the frannion muchel shows.

XXX.

With visage bland methought she hail'd me oft :
" Ne fear, quoth she, a female's mild request.
The bark by tempests that is whirl'd aloft,
At length, the tempest o'er, enjoyeth rest.
My name is Chastity, though out of quest
With modern dames, yet thou shalt still survey
A clime where beauty is with virtue blest.
Good fortune speed you on your happy way ;
Go, gentle Squire of Dames, and here no longer stay.

XXXI.

" To fairy lond your instant journey bend,
There Columbel may find her will obey'd ;
There Chastity may boast of many a friend,
She visits there each rosy-featur'd maid.
Go on, nor be by former toils affray'd :
Go, where yon oaks display their verdant pride,

'Till, from the mountains torn, and stripp'd of
shade,
On Neptune's billows they triumphant ride,
Protect their happy lond, and conquer all beside.

XXXII.

"Hail, happy lond! for arms and arts renown'd,
For blooming virgins free from loose desire;
A Drake, a Bacon, there a birth-place found,
And chaste Eliza time shall e'er admire:
The hero wields the sword and poet's lyre:
This Sidney knew, who still with lustre shines,
For whom Dan Spenser wak'd the warbling quire,
And many more whose names might grace his lines;
There round the warrior's palm the lover's myrtle
twines."

XXXIII.

At this I woke, and now resolv'd to brave
The utmost perils for my Columbel:
For, know, I mean to cross the briny wave,
Where Albion's chalky cliffs the sea repel:
And, if no mage have laid the magic spell,
Perchaunce my lot may be at length to find
Three hundred nymphs, who wicked love can
quell;
If not, I must desert all womankind,
And, what me most amates, leave Columbel behind.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames surceased here his say,
And forth he yode to seek the British isle,
Sir Satyrane prick'd on his dapple-grey,
Ne aught foreswonk he travell'd many a mile
To spend his days in hardiment and toil :
But first in courteous guise they bid farewell,
As well befits men bred in courtly soil.
Now how the Squire has sped, or ill, or well,
A future canto may, perhaps, at leisure tell.

XXXV.

For see, how Phoebus welketh in the west,
My oxen from their yoke I must untye,
The collar much has chauf'd their tender chest,
Who labors much the sweets of rest should try.
To their warm nests the daws and ravens fly
Deep in the ruin'd dome or dusky wood ;
And beasts and birds fast lock'd in slumber lye,
Save the fell bat, that flutters out for food,
And the soothsaying owl, with her unlovely brood.

CANTO II.

The Squire he lights on Bon-vivant,
Who wons in Fairy soil,
Then views in Merlin's magic glass
A sight that ends his toil.

I.

To gain the point to which our soul aspires
We nourish toil, and reek hard labor sweet ;
For this, thro' Greenland's frosts, or India's fires,
The hardy sailors death and dangers meet ;
And the proud chieftain, bolder than discreet,
In blood imbru'd pursues the martial fray,
And lovers eke through life's loud tempests beat,
Led on by hope, that never-dying ray ;
Hope wantons in her breast, and strews with flow'rs
the way.

II.

And sure of all mankind the Squire of Dames
Shall stand the first ensample of true love,
Who aye, untouch'd by any foreign flames,
Preserv'd his passion for his gentle dove.
Blush, modern youths, whose pulses quickly move,

Fondly you glote upon the witching fair :
Yet, when a sweet enjoyment once you prove,
You leave the nymph intangled in the snare,
Her tears flow trickling down, her singults pierce
the air.

III.

O think of transports which ye whilom tasted,
And let the glad remembrance charm your mind,
Be not the fruits of joyment quickly wasted,
And to your heart her happy image bind :
Think what she merits who whilear was kind,
Nor by inconstancy her peace destroy ;
Inconstancy, that monster fell and blind,
That, vainly fond of every passing toy,
Treads down its late delight, and poisons rapt'rous
joy.

IV.

Return we now unto our gentle youth,
Whose little bark daunc'd lightly on the main,
His breast divided atween joy and ruth ;
Now gay ideas wanton in his brain,
Now woe-begon his heart is rent in twain,
On his success depends his Columbel ;
And now he hopes, and now desponds again ;
The various turns of mind, when thoughts rebel,
Sure pen mote ne'er describe, and none but lovers
tell.

V.

Methinks I see him on the beechy strond,
Where Neptune's waves affrap the sturdy pier ;
His hardy steed neighs at the sight of lond,
In all adventures a most faithful seer ;
And through that city he doth quickly steer,
Which Ethelbert to holy Austin gave :
The kings of Kent did erst inhabit here,
Here haughty Becket sunk into the grave,
Here thro' the smiling meads Stoure rolls his dimpling
wave.

VI.

Long travell'd he, ne ventur'd to assay
The nymphs he met, for much he was affray'd,
To bribes or pray'rs few women would cry nay ;
At flatt'ry's tongue full oft will virtue fade :
What shall he do ? to win his lovely Maid
He must three hundred virtuous females find.
Perdie, quoth he, my fortunē be assay'd,
I'll boldly try the strength of womankind :
For craven heart, they say, ne'er won fair lady's
mind.

VII.

So on he prick'd, and from a rising ground
Discern'd before him, in a distant vale,

A castle fair; and auncient oaks around
Did to the breeze their lofty heads avail;
A silver stream refresh'd the fragrant dale;
Their ledden loud fat oxen did repeat,
And nibbling sheep display'd their fleeces pale,
The woodbine shed an odor matchless sweet,
And to their patient dams the frisking lambkins
bleat.

VIII.

To that same castle our advent'rer yode,
The merry birds him welcom'd on the way,
An hundred flow'rs aumail'd the winding road,
And all was bright, and all was passing gay;
You would have sworn it was the month of May.
Withouten drað he thunders at the gate,
Who wons within, 'or giant, knight, or fay,
Shall ne'er, in sooth, our imp of fame amate:
Unto the summons loud the portal opens streit.

IX.

And forth there issued the seneschal,
Of middle age he was, if right I ween,
He was in personage both plump and tall,
Ne seemed he to taste of dolorous teen,
Ne wrinkle deep was on his forehead seen,
But jovisaunce sat basking on his brow,
At every word he spoke, he smil'd at-ween,

His temples were ycrown'd with myrtle bough,
And virelays he song with matchless grace, I vow.

X.

“ Whoe'er thou art, thrice welcome to these plains,
Where bitter dole ne'er shows her hateful head,
Good-fellowship wons here, and free from pains
Both youth and eld the paths of pleasure tread ;
Catch flying bliss, ne be by aught foresaid ;
Think that this life is but a little span ;
Then laugh, and sport, and shun all dreryhed,
Thy rolling days in present pleasures plan,
Come, spend thy hours in joy, thou son of mortal
man.

XI.

“ Know'st thou my name ! I am l'Allegro hight,
Let me conduct thee to our jovial hall,
Where Bon-vivant in revels spends the night,
Who bids a hearty welcome unto all,
Or wear he red cross-stoles, or paynim pall.”
With that he lad him with a courtly air
Into a chamber deck'd for feast and ball ;
And though no teded or tapers glimmer'd there,
Yet all within was bright, as all without was fair.

XII.

As at the close of an hot summer's day,
When Phoebus in the west deserts the sky,

Bright streams of light along the aether play,
And though his fiery orb forsake our eye,
The beamy gushes gild each object nigh :
The painted meads are ting'd with golden light,
And rivers roll their glitt'ring waters by ;
So in this house of joy with ease you might
Perceive celestial rays, that cherish'd human sight.

XIII.

The Squire of Dames his jolly host salew'd,
And Bon-vivant his hond in friendship press'd ;
“ Come, sit thee down, and taste our choicest food ;
We entertake, quoth he, no vulgar guest.
Enur'd to toil, come taste the sweets of rest,
Doff thy hard arms, this samite garment wear,
This better far than mail shall bind thy breast,
This coronal shall deck thy auburn hair ;
Push the brisk goblet round, and drown intruding
care.

XIV.

“ For us the lark attunes his morning song,
For us the Spring depeints her every flower,
To sooth our sleep yon fountain purls along,
And oaks tō shade us twine into a bow'r,
The pensive bard sits many a watchful hour,
In ditty sweet, to carol forth our praise :
While valor spends his days in dole and stour,
We, wiser we, undying trophies raise
To ever-blooming bliss, ne reek what Wisdom says.

XV.

“ With sprightly notes we make the welkin ring,
In mazy daunce we tread the chequer’d ground,
To yielding nymphs transported shepherds sing,
Ne hard misfare emongst our train is found.
The simple swain, who looks with cark astoun’d
Because his leman ill rewards his care,
Oh, let him stond to all a lout renown’d,
Ne gibing scorn her twitting bords forbear ;
Are there not other nymphs less coy, and full as fair ? ”

XVI.

At this the Squire wex’d pale, “ Ne eath it is,
Most courteous Knight, he cry’d, far to remove
The thoughts of her in whom we place all bliss.”
Quoth Bon-vivant, “ What, then thou art in
love ? ”
“ That I am so these many singults prove,”
Return’d the Squire. L’Allegro then reply’d,
“ Thou’dst better wend to yonder willow grove,
Where shoals of lovers hanging side by side,
Feed the vile carrion crows, and heighten female
pride.”

XVII.

With that he brast into a scornful laugh,
And much abash’d appear’d our constant Squire ;
The other sportful the brisk vintage quaff.
While thus the Springal ; “ Yes, I do aspire

To love the Fairest of the female quire.
Three hundred virtuous damsels in this isle
I came to find." "Perdie, your odd desire,
Quoth Bon-vivant, will ask thee muchel toil;
And thou shalt travel too full many a weary mile.

XVIII.

"'Tis not enough the conduct of the fair
Is form'd by frowning Virtue's strictest leer:
The blatant-beast does here in pieces tear
The fame of those ybred in school severe;
His rankling tongue throughout the rolling year
With baleful venom every thing consumes;
Where beauty's splendor gilds our northern sphere
He slyly creeps, and to destruction dooms
The honor of the Spring, and Wisdom's early blooms.

XIX.

"The brindled lyon in the lonely wood
Hides his grim aspect from the sight of men;
The pardelis and libbard's spotted brood
Reside contented in sequester'd den;
Not so the blatant-beast, he lives in ken
Of the proud city or well-peopled town;
Thence with detested fury he will ren,
Ne spare the prelate's lawn, or monarch's crown?
All fares alike with him, for all he tumbleth down.

XX.

“ What then avails it to be fair or wise ?
Or what avails it to be warlike knight ?
Where-e’er the monster casts his fiery eyes,
Each grace, each virtue sickens at the sight.
Then, goodly Squire, until the morning’s light
Quaff the thick darkness of the night away ;
And, when the morn shall rise, in arms bedight
Proceed, and luck attend you on your way ;
Algaes we wish in truth with us you’d ever stay.”

XXI.

The Squire agrees, but vows, when rising morn
Shall gild the glitt’rand portals of the east,
Himself he will in habergeon adorn,
And seek around the isle the blatant-beast :
Mean while in buxom mirth they spend the feast.
Ill fares the mortal man too much who knows ;
Oft shall he wish himself from thought releast ;
The fatal knowledge in his bosom glows,
And mars his golden rest, and murders soft repose.

XXII.

Sir Chaunticleer now ey’d the rising day,
And call’d dame Partlet from her vetchy bed ;
Now wakeful Phosphor spreads his gleamy ray,
And the pale Moon conceal’d her silver head ;

The cattle brouze the lawn with dew bespread,
While every bird from out the buskets flies.
Then to the field our lover issued ;
But sleep had seal'd l'Allegro's drousy eyes,
And Bon-vivant also in downy slumber lies.

XXIII.

Our Squire withouten drad, pursu'd his way,
And look'd around to spy this monster fell,
And many a well conceited roundelay
He sung in honor of his Columbel :
Mote he, perchaunce, destroy this spawn of hell,
How easy were the task to him assign'd !
The lond of Fairy doth each lond excel ;
View there the paragons of womankind ;
View the bright virgins there, and leave thy heart
behind.

XXIV.

Ah! lever should'st thou try the females there
Than thus unwise another course pursue ;
There every nymph is innocent as fair :
Try what I here advance, you'll find it true.
Hard is our fate while bliss in hopes we few,
Some deadly fiend to blast our joy appears ;
Contentment sweet, alas ! is known to few.
Thus for awhile the sun the welkin chears,
But soon he hides his head, and melts in dropping
tears.

XXV.

Life is a scene of conteck and distress,
Ne is it longer than a winter's day ;
And shall we make our few enjoyments less ?
Far from my cot, thou blatant-beast, away.
No husband's noul will I with horns array,
Ne shall my tongue its venom'd malice wreak
On tuneful bards, whom laurel crowns apay ;
Ne will I 'gainst the comely matron speak,
Or draw one pearly drop down beauty's rosy cheek.

XXVI.

The Squire of Dames rode on with muchel tine,
And, as he cast askaunce his greedy look,
He saw empight beneath an auncient pine
A hoary shepherd leaning on his crook :
His falling tears increas'd the swelling brook :
And he did sigh as he would break his heart.
“ O thou deep-read in sorrow's baleful book,
The Squire exclaim'd, areed thy burning smart ;
Our dolors grow more light when we the tale im-
part.”

XXVII.

To whom the swain reply'd, “ O gentle Youth,
Yon fruitful meads my num'rous herds possess'd,
My days roll'd on unknown to pain or ruth,
And one fair daughter my old age ybless'd.

Oh, had you seen her for the wake ydress'd
With kirtle ty'd with many a color'd string,
Thy tongue to all the world had then confess'd
That she was sheener than the pheasant's wing,
And, when she rais'd her voice, no lark so soot could
sing.

XXVIII.

"In virtue's thews I bred the lovely maid,
And she right well the lessons did pursue;
Too wise she was to be by man betray'd;
But the curst blatant-beast her form did view,
And round our plains did spread a tale untrue,
That Rosabella, spurning marriage band,
Had felt those pangs which virgin never knew,
And that Sir Topas my poor girl trepann'd;
He, who in sable stole doth in our pulpit stand.

XXIX.

"Nay, more, the hellish monster has invented,
How a young swain on Shannon's banks yborn
(Had not my care the deep-laid plot prevented)
Would from my arms my Rosabel have born.
Have not I cause to weep from rising morn
'Till Phoebus welketh in the western main,
To see my dearling's fame thus vildly torn?
Have I not cause to nourish endless pain?"
At this he deeply sigh'd, and wept full sore again.

XXX.

“Curst be this blatant-beast, reply’d the Squire,
That thus infests your sea-begirted isle;
Shew me his face, that I may wreak mine ire
Upon this imp of hell, this monster vile.”
“Away from hence not passing sure a mile,
Might I advise you, you had better wend,”
Return’d the Swain, “deep-read in magic-style
There Merlins wons, sue him to be your friend;
And lest you miss your way, myself will you at-
tend.”

XXXI.

Together now they seek the hermitage
Deep in the covert of a dusky glade,
Where in his dortour wons the hoary Sage.
The moss-grown trees did form a gloomy shade,
Their rustling leaves a solemn music made,
And fairies nightly tripp’d the awful green,
And if the tongue of fame hath truth display’d,
Full many a spectre was at midnight seen,
Torn from his earthly grave, a horrid sight! I
ween.

XXXII.

Ne rose, ne vi’let, glads the chearless bow’r,
Ne fringed pink from earth’s green bosom grew,

But hemloc dire, and every baleful flow'r
Might here be found, and knots of mystic rue.
Close to the cell sprong up an auncient yew,
And store of imps were on its boughs ypight,
At his behests they from its branches flew,
And, in a thousand various form bedight,
Frisk'd to the moon's pale wain, and revell'd all the
night.

XXXIII.

Around the cave a clust'ring ivy spread
In wide embrace his over-twining arms,
Within the walls with characters bespread
Declar'd the pow'rful force of magic charms.
Here drugs were plac'd destructive of all harms,
And books that deep futurity could scan :
Here stood a spell that of his rage disarms
The mountain lyon 'till he yields to man ;
With many secrets more, which scarce repeat I can.

XXXIV.

The Squire of Dames deep enters in the cell !
What will not valiant heart for beauty dare ?
His borrel fere here bids his friend farewell,
And home he wends renewing cark and care.
When, louting low with a becoming air,
The Youth cry'd out, " O thrice renowned Mage,
Vouchsafe to cure me of my black despair ;
For thou not only art grown wise through age,
But art of mortal man by far the wisest sage."

XXXV.

Then Merlin with a look benign reply'd,
(For he was bred with every courteous thew)
"I know to make fair Columbel your bride
The blatant-beast you through the lond pursue;
The fate of empires now demands my view,
And for awhile denys my presence here;
Soon in this cell I'll thee again salew,
What most thou lik'st partake withouten fear,
Share all my cave affords, nor think I grudge my
chear.

XXXVI.

"Yet mark my counsel, open not that door,
Lest thou repent thy follies when too late,
Ten thousand pangs shall make thy heart full sore,
For horror scouls behind that heben gate,
And future ills shall thy dear peace amate;
There stands a mirror, wrought by magic leer,
In which are read the dark decrees of fate,
And whom you wish to see will streit appear,
Devoid of art's false mask, to human eye-sight clear.

XXXVII.

"Ah how unlike the godlike man he seem'd
In this my glass the patriot I've descry'd,
By the vile rabblement a saint esteem'd?
He's oft a wretch compos'd of sloth and pride:

And Kesars too, not seldom deify'd,
With other men their vice and follies share ;
And by my mirror if the nymph be try'd,
It will without reserve the truth declare,
Ne flatter head that's crown'd, ne flatter face that's
fair.

XXXVIII.

" Once more let me advise thee, gentle Squire,
Forbear to look at this same magic glass ;
Do not too rashly into fate enquire—
But I to foreign stronds awhile must pass."
Th' unweeting youth cry'd to himself, " Alas!
Would I could know the lot to me assign'd !"
" Patience, quoth Merlin, doth all things surpass."
Then to his car were winged dragons join'd,
With which he sails thro' air, and far outstrips the
wind.

XXXIX.

And now the Squire surveys the lonesome cave,
His wav'ring mind is in a whirlwind tost,
And now the mirror he resolves to brave,
And now he finds his boasted courage lost.
At length determin'd whatsoe'er it cost,
To see the glass, he darts into the cell ;
And, lest his eyes by vild retrait be crost,
Thrice he invokes his lovely Columbel.
As Adam fell of yore, the Squire of Dames yfell.

XL.

The heben doors full widely he display'd,
And saw the lovely queen of all his heart,
Fair as the lily in the watry glade,
Bright as the morn, and bright withouten art.
Through every vein he feels a thrillant smart:
For the dear Maid lay on her bed undress'd,
And, may I unprov'd the truth impart,
She hugg'd a lusty stripling to her breast,
Whom she full closely clipp'd, and wantonly caress'd.

XLI.

“ O faytor false, O wicked imp of night !”
Exclaim'd the Squire astound, “ ah ! wellaway !
Let Erebus in pitchy stole bedight
With foulest sprites the sons of men affray,
And blot for ever the fair face of day.
Ye haggard sisters, sound my passing-bell ;
Oh ! ne'er believe, ye youths, what women say.
O losel loose, O impious Columbel !”
Then like a stean to earth full heavily he fell.

XLII.

There shall we leave him, for my leaky boat
Lets in the water, and I must recure
Her much worn hulk, that scarcely now can float,
And moor'd in harbour she shall ride secure ;

Then if I can a pilot wise procure,
Mayhap I may again hoist forth my sail,
And other hardy voyages endure
Through shelves and shallows : now the adverse
gale
Gives me some time to rest, and loud with joy I hail.

POEM IV.

SIR MARTYN;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF DISSIPATION.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleasures faerie land,
Where Virtues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye West Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the
gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmonds mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

II.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
Thiat powre of charme thy Naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse SPENSER; long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie Patrons smyles decoyd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe drest
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse Bard supine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where SPENSER strung his
shell.

The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops ; still from her moss-white
cell

Complayning Echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place ! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay !
Ye who these bancks did whilom constant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladsom play !
Oh come once more ! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene ;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the sunne, a rock fantastick rose ;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wildings
boughs ;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid chose ;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps ; for here me seemd I
strayd.

VII.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flow'd
A few thin hairs ; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heaven's lightning, social mildnesse
glowd ;
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie ;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie :
Such winning grace as Age but rare bestows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the wither-
ing rose.

VIII.

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceald and half reveald his vest,
His vest of silk, the Faerie Queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey ;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo ! where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies :
The path of blustering fame and warlike Ire,
Of scowling Powre and lean-boned Covetise,

Of thoughtlesse Mirth and Folly's giddy joys ;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He said, and to the field did strait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear :
Oft have I shed, perdie, the better tear
To see the shoots of Vertue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare :
What evil blight thus works such villainy,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment
try.

XI.

Ah me ! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age !
Full oft, quoth he, my Bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where Dissipations cup full deepe they pledge ;
Ne can the Wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde Spright,
From Pleasures servile bands release the luckless
Wight,

XII.

This truth to tell, see yonder landskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, though the rural
scene
Has by a thousand artists pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire besene :
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more ;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight——
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight ;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie :
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood ;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the
wood.

XIV.

How sweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres !

What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lavishes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The neētrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing Swain
And Avons Bard of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain,
When Fancys sweetest Impe Dan Spenser joins the
train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloomd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,

From him, alas ! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embraced ;
Where all seemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary
waste.

XVII.

Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenced
green,
He with his book beguild the closing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN frisk'd that
way ;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wishd the lemmans part to play ;
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enterd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

XVIII.

Right plump she was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her easie waiste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight :
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake she trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye :
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth she, you think to win a kiss,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse Boy did look:
With cunning smyles she viewd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his Aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull disgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:

Yet could she not with cunning portance shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud ;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson
shent.

XXII.

So spake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the scenerie rose, where listless lay
The Knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela sooth'd the parting day :
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles ;
The Knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamour'd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
What mean these sighs ? dispell thine ydle feares ;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth she, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be ?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deserted—ah ! unhappy me !
Left to your Aunts fell spight, and weakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt ! quoth he, forsooth shall she command ?
No ; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,
He laughing said, and would have caught her
hand ;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, Alas !
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay ! shall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all hell to
thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee :
And will my bond forefend thilk miserie ?
That shalt thou have ; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more ? Housekeeper shalt thou be—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine

To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debas'd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cocker'd thee so kind with many a daintie
cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently Pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smiling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approaching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to desarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unaware.

XXVIII.

Ah! says the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie
pore,

Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to
blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery wastes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the trader's beverage shylic tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer :
So bursts the Boy disdainful of restrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-
spent.

XXX.

Now fly the wassal seasons wing'd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy ;
The Springs green monthis ycharmd with Cocking
flee,
The jolly Horse-race Summers grand employ,
His Harvests Sports the foxe and hare destroy ;
But the substantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter ! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie
soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which he had through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale ;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
pale ;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale ;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing Racers sweep the ground ;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound ;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound :
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The Knight stares wildly
round
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight persewd the shaddow Joy,
As youthly spirits thoughtlesse led the way,

So fares it with the Knight : each morning brings
His deeper thrall ; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome Trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her
sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame
divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands ;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimic fly across her way ;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay ;
Then, sylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless
prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch ;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plunging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright ;
In vain the deepest rocke, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries ;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity ! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
APRIL walkd forth—ah ! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies !
Aye me ! how like the fortune of the Boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise
Have left him now, involvd, his Lemman's hapless
prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her sway ;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her sweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happiest freaks, that Nature undefaced

Received new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgraced
Now lies thilke parke so sweetly wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with blossomes would they brede;
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain ;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of Natures steps retain ;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain ;
And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had
 beene,
Is now a turnip field and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, ycleped by housewives THRIFT,
All this devisd for trim Oeconomie ;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high :
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye ;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and de-
 syre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull Care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue :

Yet sparing though she beene her guesstes emong,
Ought by herselfe, that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice ;
Albee in varied stream, still was it Covetise.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor :
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The Knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment
ill :
Eke versd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill ;
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she
purchasd still.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play ;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer :
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the
rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas-tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires
 plowd
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with
 fame,
From Cressie field the Knights old grandsire prowld
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe al-
 lowd.

L.

But now the orphan sees his harvest fieldes
Beneath the gripe of Laws stern rapine fall,

The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expell'd,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall :
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all ;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full sore
Such sinfull deeds to see : yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be !
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee ;
Lo, manly Sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen ;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can ;
Ne may the Knight escape, or cure his woes :
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains ;
So toils the powrelesse Knight beneath his servile
chains.

LIII.

His lawyer now assumes the guardians place ;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie ;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high ;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native
phlegm ;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game :
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage : Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The Knights gay bloome the while slid fast away ;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace ;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall :
See now what scenes his houshold hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall.
So spake the Seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his
call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien,
And discomposd yon stranger he receives ;

Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves ;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay ;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay :
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire ;
He begs the Knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat Grief, and pale Disease. The poor mans
wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmost hearts desire
Gleams through his eyes ; yet all confusd, and
stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his
tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain ;

From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
With manlie Honor frowns on his unmanlie stain.

LVIII.

Let other scenes now rise, the Wizard said :
He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
See there, quoth he, the Knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose ;
An auncient Song its manly joys bestows :
The melting passion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breast ; his wandering fancy
glows,
Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely
shade.

LIX.

Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banishd Love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
Oh heaven ! he sighs, what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this !—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah ! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his
bride !

LX.

And must some Lemman of a whiffing song
Delight your fancy! she disdainful cries;
When strait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bearded with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn
 will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The Knight stares round; yet good nor bad he
 sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous
 wise,
As from himself he hopd his grief and shame disguise.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!

While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd ! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame ;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or
dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones she sate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new, .
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approachd in view ;
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch : a jolly wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he saild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phoebus slacks his firie team ;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal
steepe,
And Oceans waves like molten silver seem)
Eke had he seen, with diamond glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus stream

Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appears the milky
way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped :
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spread,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the sun of noone is seene :
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene,
Gama, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly
Queene.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did
guide;
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide :
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but th' immortal Gods had ever spyd ;
Which sight, quoth he, will all your toils repay :
That none mote see it more als he the Gods did
pray.

LXVII.

Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the bat-
tels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope
the while
Of yet revisiting his natal soil :
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Aethiopias coast or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie
sail :

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmov'd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepar'd to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends :
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the Boy ;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought em-
ploy ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm-tree shade,

Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd :
But all was changd !—Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast ;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest :
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him em-
brast.

LXX.

Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made ;
Then, sobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, she gently said ;
But what mishap ! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to
me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight :
What shall we do !—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenants house to night ;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should
fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly :
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural sportes arrives the Knight ;

Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amazd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of stranger guest; Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what
would
You seek? says to the Boy the messenger.
To see the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he scornes to come; the servant
said.
Go, bid him still, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywise the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and still his rage they
fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hostesse, soon will waste
His faire estate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great
content.

CANTO II.

In musefull stownd Syr Martyn rews
His Youthhedes thoughtlesse stage;
But Dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pause awhile the Wizard stood,
Then thus resumd,—As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnskepe
new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following still
our cue.

II.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance shod;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;

Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet :
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde so
sweet.

III.

As winds the streamlett serpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay ;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave ; and to the blue-streakd
skyes
A shatterd rock towres up in fragments gray :
The shee-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck
replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had past the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhood rose,
When Fancy first her lawnskepess gan adorne,
And Reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young Transport through the spirits
flows,
When Nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with unwonted hopes the bosome glows,

While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts
explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that Youth beholds in
store.

V.

The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His youthful breast confest the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour
join.

VI.

Of these loved soothings this the loved retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here he liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts em-
ploy:
Oh lost to peace, he sighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!—
Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade
mourns.

VII.

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight be-
stows

An houre to thought and Reasons whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
TRUTH, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest SHAME gins
fayne

In her reflective glass his life's ignoble straine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
How oft hast Thou, she cries, indignant viewd
The titled Cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear

Those arts that quencht prowde Romes patrician
fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;
When Freedome bled unwept, and scornd was Glorys
call.

X.

While these thy breast with scorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As Fancy painted and thy wish inspird,
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learnd repose,
Sees manly Genius in their influence smile,
And spread the hallowd streames of Virtue round the
ile.

XI.

How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving
houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where Friendship sheds her purest
fire!

And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As Iorn the spendthrift
stands,

Who sees the fieldes bequeathed him by his sire,
His own no more, now réapt by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then ensue ; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal scene would hold a moments sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt esteeme the fond discourse inspires :
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie
ray

Where Married Love bids light his purest fires,
Where Elegance presides, and wakes the Young
Desires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind ;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride and spleen combind,
Bid every anguishd thought his mate despise,
His mate unformd for sweete Affections ties :
Groveling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs ;

But soon his passion bursts with suddein start :
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant
smart.

XIV.

The mothers basenesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest.
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres
ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling
plains.

XV.

Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still lengthening shew their crowded
charms
In fayre perspective and in richest guise :
His sweeping scythe the white-sleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fieldes the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders
seeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Aeols blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell :
But from its trunk soon sproutling saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell ;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains
repose.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes :
There stretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight : there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise :
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blasted tree ;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale ;
And white from farre appeares the frequent sail,

By Traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air ;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his soul: Oh, glorious happy care !
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British Throne the mighty Whole
sustain.

XX.

With what superiour lustre and command
May stedfast Zeal in Albion's Senate shine !
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand !
How base the hand that can such Meed decline !
And was, kind Fate ! to snatch these honors
mine ?
Yes ! greene they spred, and fayre they bloomd
for me ;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine ;
Oh lost, vain Trifler, lost in each degree !
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads.
What noble Meed the honest Statesman gains,
Who through these publike nerves new vigour
 sheds,
And bids the Useful Artes exalt their drooping heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loom
His Countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long shall Pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping Bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with heart
 forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His Brides distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.

Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie Ease,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Interest
 plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, shall a Fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty
 deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boasts thy glorious name,
O THOU reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity shall owe to Thee!
And shall that palm unenvy'd still remain!
Yet hear, ye Lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribes sustain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and dims his honours
 vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long smother'd fires broke
 forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the
 North
Where bends the hill, the sounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The Youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers

Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the
fray ;
Away ! the jolly Huntsman cries ; and Echoe sounds,
Away !

XXVI.

Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the
bent,
When all confusd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent :
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent ;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward
plyd
His track some twentie roods, then bounding
sprong aside.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening everie sound, an hare was
laid ;
Then from the thickest bush he sylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett : Emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred ;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain :
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill ; while thondring through the
plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train :
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and
Boys,
Beat round and round the brake ; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and
noise,
Till plunging in his den the Tertier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upstarts to open sky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around ;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The Pack attonce rush on him : foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound ;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the swaird his breath and strength
expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,

Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmost spray,
The sootie Blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While Twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing
their way :

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam ; while on the distant East
Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends ; while trembling on the dappled West
The purple radiance shifts, and dies away ;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks : the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace assumes her woodland
sway.

XXXII.

All was repose, all but Syr Martyns brest ;
There, Passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise.
Are these, he murmurs, these my friends ! the
best
That croud my hall ! the Sonnes of madning Noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies ?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,

Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise ;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their base-tongued witt
employ :

XXXIII.

Whose converse, oft as fulsom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of Philosophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance, and Gloss unfair,
Which honest Dullness would with shame deny ;
The hope of Baseness vaumpt in Candours air :
Good Heaven ! are such the friends that to my
hearth repair !

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth shuns Thy reputelesse dore ;
Even the old Peasant shakes his silverd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled !
Here Indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houshold smoke ascends ;
Wakd at the sight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends :
And now the keene Resolve its gleaming comfort
lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight should rise the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannias Genius should his Sabra bee,
Chained to the rock by Dragon to be slain;
But he the Virgin Princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathlesse on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, should never rise again.

XXXVI.

Eke should he, freed from foul Enchaunters spell,
Escape his faulse Duessas magicke charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms;
While Bardes and Minstrales chaunt the soft a-
larms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast, servd up by Seneshall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and
hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,

Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantasie, that never yet befell :
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing sure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestowd
On this faire Nymph : the legend thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd ;
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favorite Satyr gave to rear :
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen springtimes
old,
Equipt her with the bow and Huntresse spear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome
fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind received chast *Phoebes* lore,
Fain would she at the chace still lag behind :
One sultry noone, as *Phoebe* sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breast, she cried, O Western Wind !
Soon at the wishd-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conscious Nymph declind

The near inspection of the Sovereign Dame ;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd
her shame.

XL.

Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her
head ;
Still change thy blushing hue, the Goddess cryd :
Forthwith a freezing languor can invade
Her limbs ; and now, with suddein leaves arrayd,
A *Russian Poppey* she transmewd remains ;
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the Painters pains ;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous Nymph re-
tains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away ;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove *Deucalion* sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent ;
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was spent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan rise,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves she took her flight ;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight ;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight :
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rill
From Inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

XLIII.

Her sprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowsy dulness from her Mother sprong ;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat,
And calld her DISSIPATION: Wylde and young
Still shalt Thou be, he said ; and this thy fate,
On Man thy sleights employ, on Man that prowd in-
grate.

XLIV.

All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue ;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies :
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise

Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it Thine to spread before his eyes
Thy changing colors, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.

XLV.

So swore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he swore :
The Fates assented, and the Daemon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe she wore
Was starrrd with dewdrops, and of palest blue ;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres
plays ;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays ;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor
strays.

XLVI.

So shone the Nymph, and pranked in Pleasures
guize
With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth besett ;
Goodnesse of Heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
And still behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the Fiend resigns her thralls to them :
Sad case, I weet, where still Oneselfe Oneselfe must
blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres resignd ;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole : yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled ;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide ;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide,
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth Deceiver gan his heart assail ;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre :
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair ;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the braunches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,

Forsake him now ; for all as lost they deem :
So home he wends ; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the Hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays ; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale ;
But still the YOUNKLING kills nor partridge, snipe, nor
quail.

LI.

Yet still the quaint excuse is at command ;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind still satisfie :
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright ;
God help the man bewitchd in such ungracious
plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION still this Treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due ;
And still to DISCONTENTS accursed gates,
The House of Sorrow, these ungodlie Two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The Knight resolv'd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew :
And now these Daemons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT resign'd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay ;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent ;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went :
The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore :
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the Captives grieved sore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred ;
Here sat a Throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice ; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowsie Dronkards, looking black and red,

Dozd out their days : and by the path-way green
A sprightlie Troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen ;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies
I ween.

LV.

And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with sullen pace ;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares :
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The Dronkard sitts ; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse Heir ; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The Duellist raves ; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the Maniack bends his
head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree ;
All that he wishd or feard his ghastralie walls
Present him still, and mock his miserie.
And there, self-doomd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The Gamester hangs in corner murk and dread ;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee ;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed
shade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard satt,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett :
All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate ;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell ; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full sore his sores to
view.

LVIII.

Yet not Himselfe, but Heavens Great King he
blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign ;
For boldly he the ways of God blasphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vile Selfe-pity would his eyes distain ;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound :
Such fierce Selfe-pity still this Wights dire portauce
crownd.

LIX.

Near by there stood an hamlet in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, CONTENT did wonne ;

This now was His : yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun ;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fiede thrice goodlie seemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone ;
Such was his life ; and thus of things he deemd ;
And suchlike was his Cave, that all with sorrowes
teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have
fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nympe from
flight :
But now the late Obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed : hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypitch,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he reard his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near ;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear :
See now, he sayes, where setts thy vain career ;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,

And aged Winter asks from Youth its stay ;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonour'd
gray.

LXII.

Thou hast no friend ! — still on the worthlesse
Traine
Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid ;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead,
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negro deems ;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams :
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too ! Heavens ! what a hopelesse
sight !
Ah, wretched Syre ! — but ever from this scene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present :
So pass his dayes, while still the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his eares, The brightest parts mispent
Beget an hoarie age of grieve and discontent.

LXIV.

But boast not of superior shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the Parents head,
And rends that easie heart by You betrayd,
Boast not that Ye his numerous woes eskew ;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view ;
For worthy is He still compard, perdie, to YOU.

POEM V.

THE
MINSTREL;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, L.L.D.

BOOK I.

I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

II.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of
Fame ;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
claim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor Villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign :

Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
swain

Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony ! and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart,
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart :
For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmoved by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed
theme.

XI.

There lived in Gothick days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie ;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

XIII.

From labor health, from health contentment
springs.
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phoebe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;

Each season look'd delightful, as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform,

XV.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.

The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the
lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped ;
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
bleed
To work the wo of any living thing,
By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
yield.

XIX.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,

And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?"

For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

“Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown’d!

Ah! see, th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown’d;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
sound.

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful
sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks
away.

XXV.

“Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

“ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed ?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

“ Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
Shall nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live ?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
No : Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive ;
And man’s majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th’ eternal year of Love’s triumphant
reign.”

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, ’twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish’d his Edwin to pursue.

“ Let man’s own sphere (said he) confine his view,
Be man’s peculiar work his sole delight.”
And much, and oft, he warn’d him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

“ And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Wo,
O never, never turn away thine ear.
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to
hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine
own.”

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o’er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem’st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardor has begun!
’Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And Disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering ailes
along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;

And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe in-
spire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticler ! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are born.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling plowman stalks afield ; and hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !

Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should
 deign,
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide ;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;
For well I know, where ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,

Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade.
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance darest defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.
" But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope ; to doubt is to rebel ;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.

But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has
driven

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end !

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth :
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue ;

Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal
day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melan-
choly!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born ?
He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :
Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.

Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
 sound,
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
 crown'd ;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
 flow.

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if MONTAGU should smile,
New strains erelong shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords his taste refined.

At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of human-kind.

V.
an.

BOOK II.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail :
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantick rolls wide continents have
bloom'd.

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,

Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is
mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

Perish the lore that deadens young desire,
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy :
But now and then the shades of life explore ;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;

But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made :
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,

Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves; and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantick visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose ;
Can passion’s wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

XI.

“ Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay’d ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
Behold the victor vanquish’d by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

“ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign’d,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow.”

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew :
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
“ Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
blaze.

XIV.

“ Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever, from my view.

XV.

“The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o’erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass’d,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

XVI.

“The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess’d,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

XVII.

“Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
nown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,

Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo ;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall
know.

XIX.

“ For though I fly to scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears de-
filed !

XX.

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen !
Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
O when shall that Eternal Morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear !

XXI.

" O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion,
driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
way."

XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
" And is it thus in courtly life (he cries)

That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?
And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire !
Hail poverty ! if honor, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !"

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away ; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue ;
For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear ;
And none speaks false, where there is none to
hear.
" Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell !
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An antient man : his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching : innocence
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
" Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from
whence ?
Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale ? "
" A shepherd-boy (the Youth replied), far hence
My habitation ; hear my artless tale ;
Nor levity nor falshood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

" Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound ;
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound).

You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

XXVIII.

" But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul ?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control ?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl ;
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

" Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind ;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleased with all, but most with humankind ;
When fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

“ Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantick youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to
wo.

XXXI.

“ But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of The Eternal said, Be free :
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

“ Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;

For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain :
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here Chiefs their thirst of power in blood asswage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness
burn :
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd
urn.

XXXIV.

" Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath !
Shall life, shall liberty be lost, (he said)
For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath !
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave ;
No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'erwhelming
wave.

XXXV.

“ Ah, what avails it to have traced the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
steel !
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern ;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not
yearn !

XXXVI.

“ This praise, O Cheronean Sage, is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong !)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVII.

“ O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,

When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
mirth.

XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour
went.

Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circum-
vent.

To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave :
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

" But ah! th' Historic Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow'd bowers; 'tis Fancy's
beam
Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptured Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!

Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on heaven; enough of earth I know.

XL.

"I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)
For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find,
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-
blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had
shined?

XLI.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy
brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

XLII.

“ And yet, alas, the real ills of life
Claim the full vigor of a mind prepared,
Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on earth as other men have fared.
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
to bear.

XLIII.

“ What charms th’ Historick Muse adorn, from
spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
In power, and man with man for mutual aid com-
bined?

XLIV.

“ Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d!
Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain’d!
Without you what were man? A groveling herd

In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrival'd : O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofaned
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the Sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

XLV.

" But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

" Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phoebus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVII.

“ And Reason now through Number, Time, and
Space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows fly
From nature's face ; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII.

“ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and griesly phantom dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of
noon.

XLIX.

“ Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,

Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

L.

“ And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane.
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
flood.

LI.

“ 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,

Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
gale.

LII.

“ What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside Death’s level’d dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever’s fire ;
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

“ Nor less to regulate man’s moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shade of Academus’ grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
of Love.

LIV.

“ What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil !
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble’s headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to asswage.

LV.

“ ’Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explored, a nation’s various powers can bind
And various orders, in one Form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th’ assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.”

LVI.

Enraptured by the Hermit’s strain, the Youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses : Fancy now no more

Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies ;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' Enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the Bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
flame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardor to adorn ; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where Ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous
song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain,

I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
With strembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around ;
And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how should I pursue
My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !

LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled !
And am I left to unavailing woe !
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers ;
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh
my tears.

NOTES

ON

POEMS

IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

PSYCHE.

Page 1. OF the Author of this Poem, Mr. Nichols has given the following account:—"This worthy Divine was descended collaterally from Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary. He was born at sea, in the year 1702, on board the Gloucester East-Indiaman, to which circumstance he was indebted for his christian name. He received his education at Winchester school, and from thence was elected to a fellowship at New College, Oxford, where he proceeded B. C. L. April 29, 1729. In those two seminaries he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Muses, and laid the foundation of those elegant and solid acquirements for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished, as a Poet, an Historian, and a Divine. During a vacation in 1728, he joined with four friends (Mr. Thomas Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Eyre, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Jennens)

in writing a tragedy called "The Fruitless Redress," each undertaking an act on a plan previously concerted; and when they delivered in their several proportions at their meeting in the winter, few readers would have known that the whole was not the production of a single hand. This tragedy, which was offered to Mr. Wilks, but never acted, is still in MS. in the hands of his family; with "Jugurtha," of which a specimen shall be given in p. 82. Dr. Ridley in his youth was much addicted to theatrical performances. Midhurst in Sussex was the place where they were exhibited; and the company of gentlemen actors to which he belonged consisted chiefly of his coadjutors in the tragedy already mentioned. He is said to have performed the characters of Marc Antony, Jaffier, Horatio, and Moneses, with distinguished applause, a circumstance that will be readily believed by those who are no strangers to his judicious and graceful manner of speaking in the pulpit. Young Cibber, being likewise a Wykehamist, called on Dr. Ridley soon after he had been appointed chaplain to the East India Company at Poplar, and would have persuaded him to quit the church for the stage. For great part of his life he had no other preferment than the small college living of Weston Longueville in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex, where he resided. To these his college added, some years after, the donative of Rumford in Essex. "Between those two places the curricula of his life rolled (as he expressed it) for some time almost perpetually upon post-chaise

wheels, and left him not time for even the proper studies of oeconomy, or the necessary ones of his profession." Yet in this obscure situation he remained in possession of, and content with, domestic happiness; and was honoured with the intimate friendship of some who were not less distinguished for learning than for worth: Among whom, it may be sufficient to mention Dr. Lowth (now Bishop of London), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Spence, and Dr. Berriman. To the last of these he was curate and executor, and preached his funeral sermon. In 1740 and 1741 he preached eight Sermons at Lady Moyer's Lecture, which were published in 1742, 8vo. In 1756 (it is said) he declined an offer of going to Ireland as first chaplain to the Duke of Bedford; in return for which he was to have had the choice of promotion, either at Christ Church, Canterbury, Westminster, or Windsor. His modesty inducing him to leave the choice of these to his patron, the consequence was that he obtained no one of them all. In 1763 he published the "Life of Bp. Ridley," in quarto, by subscription, and cleared by it as much as bought him 800*l.* in the public funds. In the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to lose both his sons, each of them a youth of abilities. The elder, James, was author of, 1. "The Tales of the Genii;" 2. a humourous paper called "The Schemer," first printed in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume; 3. "The History of James Lovegrove, Esq;" and some other literary performances. Thomas, the younger, was sent by the East-India Company as a writer to Madras, where he was no soon-

er settled than he died of the small pox. In 1765, Dr. Ridley published his "Review of Philips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768, in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in another which *The Confessional* produced, he was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden prebend in the cathedral church of Salisbury (an option), the only reward he received from the Great, during a long, useful, and laborious life, devoted to the duties of his function. At length, worn out with infirmities, he departed this life in 1774, leaving a widow and four daughters, of whom the only married one (Mrs. Evans) has published several novels. He was buried at Poplar; and the following Epitaph, written by his learned and worthy friend the present Bishop of London, is inscribed upon his monument."

H. S. E.

GLOSTERUS RIDLEY,

Vir optimus, integerrimus;

Verbi Divini Minister

Peritus, fidelis, indefessus:

Ab Academia Oxoniensi

Pro meritis, et præter ordinem,

In sacra Theologia Doctoratu insignitus.

Poeta natus,

Oratoriae facultati impensius studuit.

Quam fuerat in concionando facundus,

Plurimorum animis diu insidebit;

Quam varia eruditione instructus,

Scripta ipsius semper testabuntur.

Obiit tertio die mensis Novembris,

A. D. 1774, Ætatis 72.

THE SQUIRE OF DAMES.

Page 32. The Author of this Poem was a Jew, resided at Mitcham in Surry, and was honored by the University of Oxford with the degree of Master of Arts. Three Dramatic pieces and some other Poems were written by him. He died in February 1758, and was the richest Poet of his time. As explanatory of this poem, the following Advertisement and Glossary were annexed by the Author.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the seventh Canto of the Legend of *Chastity*, in *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, the Squire of *Dames* tells *Satyrane*, that by order of his mistress *Columbel*, (after having served the Ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred Women incapable of yielding to any temptation. The bad success he met with in the course of three years, which is slightly touched upon by *Spenser*, is the foundation of the following poem.

GLOSSARY.

<i>Amail</i> , enamel.	<i>Coronal</i> , crown or garland.
<i>Avale</i> , bow.	<i>Fortilage</i> , fort.
<i>Brond-iron</i> , a sword.	<i>Flight</i> , arrow.
<i>Blatant-beast</i> , detraction or envy.	<i>Kestrel</i> , an hawk.
<i>Buskets</i> , bushes.	<i>Levin-brond</i> , thunder-bolt.
<i>Borrel fere</i> , clownish com- panion.	<i>Ledden</i> , language.
<i>Crumenal</i> , purse.	<i>Pannikel</i> , crown of the head.
	<i>To royne</i> , to bite, or gnaw
	<i>Recure</i> , to repair.

Sib, an uncle.
Springal, a youth

Wimble, shifting to and fro.
Tode, went.

Page 52. *And through that city he doth quickly steer,
 Which Ethelbert to holy Austin gave :]*
 Canterbury.

SIR MARTYN.

Page 68. The design of Mr. Mickel in this composition (originally entitled the *Concubine*, and published in 1767) may be seen from the *Advertisement* in which he announced it. The Glossary subjoined is his own.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is an established maxim in criticism, That an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world ; to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the Writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his Poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, That the subject of a poem should be One ; that every part should contribute to the completion of One design,

which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular Beginning, Middle, and End. Yet in attaining this Unity of the Whole, the necessary Regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there must needs be a connection, so that connection will best answer its end, and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the Reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnection."

If therefore the delineation of the character of the Man of Birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the Public and Himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following Argument.

After an innovation to the Genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the Knight's first attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just Beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness

as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the Middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular End.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only say, That the fullness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed.

Adred, frightened. Anglo

Sax. *Æðrædan*.

Agone, ago.

Albee, although.

Als, also.

Arread, interpret.

Attonce, at once together.

Atweene, between.

Ay, always.

Bale, harm, sorrow.

Beene, Frequently used by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.

Beseene, becoming.

Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.

Brede, to knit, plait, bryðan.

Carle, old Man.

Certes, certainly, truly.

Chorle, a Peasant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetise, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

Eftsoons, by and bye, forth-
 with.

Eke, also.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Frytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fae, Companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, gan, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between
 two hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the
 Verb *To have*.

Heare, Hair. Often used by
 Spenser.

Hight, called, is called, was
 called, or named.

Hoyden, slattern, coarse.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to see.

Knare, a knotty Arm of a
 Tree. *Dryd*.

Leache, Physician.

Lemman, Mistress, Concu-
 bine.

Lever, rather.

Lewdly, basely, foolishly.

Liefest, dearest.

Malengines, Persons villain-
 ously employed, Toad-
 eaters.

Meint, mingled.

Merrimake, Pastime.

Mery, pleasant.

Moe, more.

Mote, v. might, mot.

Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.

Nathlesse, nevertheless,
nageler.

Native, natural.

Ne, nor.

Nolens volens, willing or un-
 willing.

Perdie, an Asseveration, *qua-*
si verily.

Piersant, piercing.

Portaunce, Behaviour, Man-
 ner.

Prankt, adorned.

Propine, recompence.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.

Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.

Recks, heeds, cares for.

Requere, require. Often used
 by Spenser.

Rew, to repent.

Ruth, *ruthless*, pity, pityless.

Salews, salutes.

Sell, Saddle.

Semblaunce, Appearance.

Seneschall, Master of Ceremonies, Steward.

Sheen, bright, shining, fine.

Shent, disgraced, *ſcende*,
ſcendid.

Skyen, adj. Sky.

Sooth, *soothly*, truth, truly.

Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir.

Stowre, } *ſtryan*.

Staine, Tenor.

Sues, pursues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.

Thewes, Habits, Manners.

Thilk, this, that.

Traines, Devices, Traps.

Transmevd, changed, transformed,

Treacher, Traitor, Deceiver.

Troublous, troublesome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

Wareless, unsuspecting.

Wassal, festive.

Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.

Wend, move, go,

Weet, much the same as *ween*.

Weetless, thoughtless.

Whilom, formerly, *hþilum*.

a *Whitt*, a jot, any thing, a *hþit*, *aliquid*.

Whyleare, erewhile, *hþilæſ*.

Wight, Person, *hþit*.

Wilding, the Crab-tree.

Wonne, to dwell.

Wreakfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.

Yblent, blinded.

Ybrent, burnt,

Yclept, called, named.

Yfere, together.

Ygoe, formerly.

Yode, went.

Youthede, *quasi*, Youthhood.

Youthly, lively, youthful.

Ypight, placed, fixed.

Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old English Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a Substantive, it forms the plural number, as *Eyen*, Eyes, &c.

68. Desmonds *mouldering turrets*———] The castle of the Earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was sometime the residence of SPENSER, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the FAERIE QUEENE.

95. *Gama, the darling care of Beauty's heavenly Queene.*] See the LUSIAD.

ibid. *That none mote see it more als he the Gods did pray.*] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

THE MINSTREL.

Page 127. To this Poem the following Preface was prefixed by its Author :

“ The design was, to trace the progress of a Poetical Genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as A MINSTREL ; that is, as an itinerant Poet and Musician ;—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

“ I have endeavoured to imitate SPENSER in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided ; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject : but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

“To thsoe, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems from its Gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the Poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more complex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is in other respects faulty.”

131. *But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :]* There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been “OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.” It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.

See PERCY's *Essay on the English Minstrels*.

145. *Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,*

And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,] Allusion to SHAKSPERE.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,

What is't you do ?

Witches. A deed WITHOUT A NAME.

Macbeth, Act iv. sc. 1.

146. *Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.]*

See the fine old ballad, called, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

151. *Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land, &c.]*
Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the Sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.

SCHEFFER's *History of Lapland*, p. 16.

153. *And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.]* See PLATO's *Timeus*.

167. *"This praise, O Cheronean Sage,—]* PLUTARCH.

171. *"Then waken from long lethargy to life*

*"The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought,
&c.]* The influence of the Philosophic

Spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science: from Stanza XLVI to Stanza LVI.

176. *From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame*

Those forms of bright perfection,—] General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and poetry. See ARISTOTLE's *Poetics*, and *The Discourses of Sir JOSEPH REYNOLDS*.

177. *When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains]*
VIRGIL.

178. *Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!]* This
excellent Person died suddenly, on the 10th of Feb.

1773. The conclusion of the Poem was written a
few days after.

THE END.



.
s
.
a